The Pittsburgh Commercial.

VOL. V. PITTSBURGH, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 18, 1868. NO. 186.

LOCAL NOTICES.

The Paris Exposition.

The paper war which has resulted from the awards of the Paris Exposition threatens to rage into the shade the famous war of the Roses. First the Phoenix, and then the Sewing Machines became involved in a contest. We have no desire to enter into the merits of the question otherwise than as the generally acquainted with Sewing Machines know that all first class machines have their merits. No matter how it is unfortunate that one sewing machine excels another, it undoubtedly true that some sewing Machines have attained a greater perfection than others, are more comprehensive, more strikingly practical, altogether better fitted for the varied requirements of useful and ornamental sewing and the fact that the representative of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine at the Paris Exposition was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, thus receiving the highest award in the power of the Commission to bestow, is so gratifying to American pride as it is unquestionable proof of the recognized superiority of the Grover & Baker Machines. The representative of the Grover & Baker Machines, being placed on the International Jury, the machines were necessarily examined from competition, but their rank superiority was distinctly recognized and acknowledged, by conferring upon him supreme mark of distinction, of which only one hundred and fifty were awarded altogether, while gold medals were so thick as blackberries. This raises the position of Paris Exposition prizes for sewing machines at once and forever. Whoever receives gold medals, only one *Sewing Machine* was honored with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and that was the family favorite known as the G. & B. *Branch*—*Smithfield*.

Dr. Aborn.

Oculist and Aurist, and Throat and Lung Physician. Office 134 Smithfield street.

The Singer Sewing Machine.

The only machine which has ever given perfect satisfaction to the American public. Warehouse 18 Fifth street, second door from the corner. Call and see them every day. Price of machine, \$50.

Just Received.

A large lot of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, and Hosiery and Gloves, at Dr. H. Scharf's, 66 Fifth avenue.

Paint to Quick.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, Putty, Brushes, Whitewash and Paris Papers, Window Shades, Fixtures, Cornices, Curtain Materials, Lace Curtains, Table Oil Cloths, Stair Oil Cloths, Floor Oil Cloths, Hall Oil Cloths, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Mattings, Looking Glasses, Pictures, Engravings, Chromos, Picture Frames, Mouldings, Cornices, Gilt and Rosewood Mouldings, Room Paper, Window Paper, Border Paper, Gilt Paper, Fine Paper, Medium Paper, Common Paper, Wall Paper, Ceiling Paper, Transparent Paper, Tissue Paper, Tinsel Paper, Flock Paper, Velvet Paper, Satin Paper, Gilt Paper, Bronze Paper, Fancy Paper, Plain Paper, Colored Paper, Embossed Paper, Oak Paper, Marble Paper, Granite Paper, Stone Paper, Brick Paper, Tile Paper, Slate Paper, Wood Paper, Rosewood Paper, Mahogany Paper, Walnut Paper, Ash Paper, Maple Paper, Cherry Paper, Pine Paper, Hemlock Paper, Poplar Paper, Chestnut Paper, Oak Paper, Ebony Paper, Ivory Paper, Pearl Paper, Gold Paper, Silver Paper, Copper Paper, Iron Paper, Steel Paper, Tin Paper, Zinc Paper, Lead Paper, Brass Paper, Bronze Paper, Nickel Paper, Platina Paper, Aluminum Paper, Antimony Paper, Bismuth Paper, Cobalt Paper, Manganese Paper, Molybdenum Paper, Tungsten Paper, Uranium Paper, Vanadium Paper, Zirconium Paper, Yttrium Paper, Thorium Paper, Cerium Paper, Lanthanum Paper, Didymium Paper, Erbium Paper, Terbium Paper, Ruthenium Paper, Rhodium Paper, Palladium Paper, Osmium Paper, Iridium Paper, Platinum

The Daily Commercial

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

THE COMMERCIAL is the largest daily paper in the State, and gives daily one-fourth more reading than any other paper in Pittsburgh. It is the only Pittsburgh paper that uses the telegraph liberally, gives full market reports, and all the news of the day.

As proof of the estimate placed on the market reports of the COMMERCIAL, we will state that they are regularly copied by the New York Economist, Shipping List, Iron Age, and other papers of this character in that and other cities, and that leading Eastern commercial papers and circulars regularly reprint them with credit. There is within the limited radius, hardly an Iron Factory, Oil Refinery, or leading manufactory of any kind that is not a subscriber to the COMMERCIAL, principally, because its reports are the only full and reliable given of the Pittsburgh markets.

CROP AND FRUIT PROSPECT.

Our friends everywhere will excuse a few lines setting us briefly concerning the grain and fruit prospect, and the flowing and business prospect generally. We shall be obliged for any item of local interest that may be within their knowledge.

On the third page to-day will be found a variety of entertaining reading. Notwithstanding we give daily more than twice the reading of our contemporaries, we still several cells columns to-day.

THE election in Louisiana commenced yesterday. We are in no hopeful mood concerning the result. The Republicans have counted defeat by dividing and exposing the efforts on themselves which should have been turned against their foe. Taking advantage of this state of things, the rebels will do all in their power to prevent the adoption of the Constitution, which is the great contest. They have nominated no candidate for Governor, and will expend their efforts to defeat the Constitution and on the local offices. Aided by General BUCKNER, who succeeded HAHNCOCK, and by money sent from New York, their success is not improbable.

DOUBT not inflicted towards the Democratic party should bear in mind that the *La Crosse Democrat* is now the foremost paper of the party. Of its character no one needs to be reminded. It is as notorious as the name and deed of WILLIAM BOOTH, both of which are continually praised and honored by the *Democrat*. A certain interest attaches to a paper like this, and we cannot resist the conclusion that its strength in the party must in the end prove a source of weakness to the party itself. Concerning its growth, FOMMUNE, the publisher, prints an exhibit from which it appears that while in 1862 the business of the concern was less than $6,000, it has grown to be nearly $200,000 the present year. There must be thousands of decent men in the Democratic party who will refuse longer to maintain their connection with a party which thus supports a paper from whose fiendishness neither the living nor the dead are exempt.

A PHILADELPHIA Republican paper, though disgusted with the subject, refuses to the necessity of reforming the system of holding primary elections. It contends that nothing on this earth is more certain than utter defeat of the frauds and irregularities which have attended former nominations are repeated. The comments of the paper are so suggestive that we copy them for home consumption—as follows:

"There are some of the times which cannot be watched. The theme of party are using their influence to secure the election of delegates favorable to their candidates. Above is to be Philadelphia, and the people who do not care one jot or tittle for the indigestible ticket that may be nominated, will, as usual, be indifferent, and let the machine politicians, and their retainers, and heelers, and contractors, and all those hanging for something, have their own way. The people have been imposed on in the past, and they will be imposed on in the future. They ignored the existence of this contriving, intriguing class of politicians. They kept up a fine show of public meetings, and they kept up a fine show of voting at the polls. There are exceptions, however, like the exceptions to the general rule, and these exceptions should attend primary meetings and secure the nomination of men who will represent the party in a worthy manner. Now the question arises, how shall the people who are thinking men of the party prevent the outside influences from controlling the primary meetings? We confess we do not see how it is to be done. If the primary meetings are to be controlled by the contriving, intriguing class of politicians, and they are to be given the right to nominate candidates, the people will be compelled to vote for the candidates so nominated, or else vote for the candidates of the opposite party. The latter course would be suicidal to the best interests of the party. The people are helpless."

What Shall the Remedy Be?

The location and surroundings of the Union Depot are such that the local travel of the Pennsylvania Central road is not only poorly accommodated, but the general public greatly inconvenienced. The officers of the company are as fully aware of this fact as the public, and recognize the necessity of a change. They are now endeavoring to devise some plan by which to obviate the inconveniences and delays to which the thousands who daily patronize the local trains are subjected. It will be no easy matter to find a suitable remedy for all the existing difficulties, but several suggestions are now under consideration, and some practical and comprehensive plan will be matured in due time. At present, matters are in too crude a state to warrant us in mentioning details, but the public will be gratified to learn that the company not only appreciate what is due to their patrons in this regard, but are disposed to make such changes as are practicable under the circumstances. Every citizen is more or less interested in this matter, and the sooner the work is accomplished the better, as every year's delay will multiply the evils and increase the cost of improvement. Inasmuch as almost any change will probably require the consent of Councils as regards the use and occupancy of streets, etc., we would suggest that the company and the city authorities act in concert from the beginning, so that Councils will fully understand the purposes of the company, co-operate with them, and be prepared to give them legal sanction when the proper time arrives. By this means captious opposition will be avoided, and those friendly relations maintained which are essential alike to the welfare of the company and the public.

Senator Cameron and Colonel Forney.

Allusion has been made in our Washington dispatches to the remarks of Senator CAMERON in reference to the alleged defalcation in the accounts of the Clerk of the Senate. Mr. CAMERON settled the rumors and insisted upon an examination. In reply it was stated that Colonel FORNEY had assisted himself a deficit of $40,000 (which his clerk confessed to having used), and that the Secretary raised the money and made good the whole amount. To this Mr. CAMERON rejoined by saying that the gentleman referred to as a defaulter (Mr. WAGNER) denied all the charges of misappropriating money, and he was opposed to placing any more funds in the hands of the Secretary until this matter was cleared up. Mr. THAYER then said that the Financial Clerk had made a statement in writing, acknowledging the use of $40,000, which statement Colonel FORNEY could show any Senator who desired to see it. Mr. CAMERON said he had confidence in the statement of Mr. WAGNER, who had always borne a spotless reputation, and moved that the Committee on Contingent Expenses be directed to inquire into and report upon the condition of the account of the Secretary of the Senate. Mr. BUCKALEW suggested the propriety of including in this motion an inquiry into the conduct of the Secretary, as Clerk of the Court of Impeachment, in daily commenting on the case in the journals under his control. Mr. CAMERON said he would go with his colleague on this point after a while, but would stick to his original motion now. The motion to investigate was then adopted.

Rousing New Yorkers and Children Alive.

The accident on the Erie Road should waken the public mind to the perils of railroad traveling, and cause a universal demand for protection against being roasted alive, says the New York *Tribune*, "either the manner of heating cars must be so arranged that conflagration shall be impossible, or—what is much better—the cars should be made wholly of wrought iron and glass, with not so much as a floor or a window frame, of any inflammable substance. The public ire was aroused from the shock of the horrible picture of anxious and heedless ladies roasted at Angola in the infernal fire of wooden cars, when another cause of the sent Ludenville their blood. *It will not do to trifle with this matter*, the people and the Legislature must take up the work. We must insist upon protection. The *Tribune* concludes as follows:

"Some four weighing over the control of Wall and communications, and are in advance of the general practice of better living in the interests of the settlement of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and the Pacific Railroad, and the Pacific Railroad, and the

The Daily Commercial

VIOLETS.

PASTORALS.

A GARDEN.

THE ONLY CONSEQUENT OF KOSSUTH.

A Foot-race Taken by a Chimney Sweep.

In the autumn of 1840 I visited Saxon Switzerland, and, and of course I did not omit to ascend the famous Konigstein. My guide was telling me about the various prisoners who had passed long years of captivity within the walls, when we found ourselves on the spot where the notorious alchemist Kottenburg paid with his life for having deceived his prince.

"And here is also the place where, in March last, the chimney-sweeper got in to the fortress," said my guide.

On hearing this I eagerly stepped to the rear-work, and gazed down into the valley below, then turning to the guide, said, "But how is this possible? How could any one clamber up the steep rock?"

"Well, sir, it appeared incredible to us," answered the man. "but, nevertheless, it is a fact. Look, there in that cleft he managed to climb up, and after resting himself on the crag you see below the breastwork, he got safely in. And he did all this in full daylight.

Again I looked below, and the sight made my blood run cold. We were on the east side, facing the village of Konigstein and the Elbe, where the precipice is about 600 feet high, and the rocks incessantly from the base of the mountain, giving the fortress a total elevation of 1200 feet. As I looked at the wall of rock it was difficult to believe that any one could have performed the feat.

Ten years later, on my road from Prague, I was steaming down the river towards the Saxon capital, and as Konigstein came in view I thought of the chimney-sweeper extraordinary exploit of the night of the 20th of March, and measured with my eye the enormous height of the rock. A young man was standing near me, and as he seemed to be looking with interest at the fortress I merged to him and asked him whether he thought it within the bounds of possibility that any one could get up that rock on the outer path?

"Why shouldn't he," replied the young man. "For years ago, I myself had a try at it."

Astonished at this, I examined my companion more closely. His figure was small, but powerfully built, and he appeared to me about thirty years of age. At first I thought he could not have understood what I was speaking about, and I repeated them I meant the rock of Konigstein, but he quickly said,—

"Yes, I know, and, from where we are now, I can show you the path in which I climbed up."

"Which you climbed up!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you, that you were the very chimney-sweeper, who——"

"Indeed, I am the very man," smiled my companion, "and if you would like to hear all about it, I shall be very glad to pass an hour in telling you."

Of course I gratefully accepted the offer, so drawing our neck-stocks together, we lighted fresh cigars, and he began the story:—

"I don't think I need tell you much about my apprenticeship and journeyman time, for all chimney-sweepers are wild and contumacious young rascals, so suffice it to say, that I was one of the wildest and surpassed all my companions in mischief-making. I always planned my tricks so as to be doing my work meanwhile, but my mind I make had a different effect, and consequently I never remained long in one place. I happened then in town, when about eighteen years old, that I was out of employment. My parents had long since died, and I found myself all alone in the world. However, I should have reflected quickly for fresh work. Just then the Saxon-Bohemian Railroad was being made, and I was busy enough to get engaged on the line near the village of Konigstein.

"I had on the Saturday, quite penniless, and as my work was only to begin on the Monday, I had no idea how to exist in the meantime. After much trouble, however, I managed to arrange with the landlord of the public-house of my getting my passport into his keeping, for a shake-down in the stable, and something to eat for supper. When I awoke next morning the bells were already ringing for church. My first thought the worst how I was to get the day over. Into the inn parlor I dared not go, for I had nothing to pay with, so I sauntered out into the open air to see what the country was like. Before me stood the majestic fortress, which of course immediately attracted my attention, and I started off towards it. I asked some people whom I met whether I could go into the fortress, and the answer was that if I had a friend inside I might, but if not, I must pay a traveler's admittance fee. But I had no one near the other, so contenting myself with the view of the exterior, I turned from the path and wandered up the lower part of the rock. After sometime, I found myself on what they call the patriot's walk, which runs round the foot of the deep sandstone rock, on which the fortress itself is built. As you may see from here, it is the east side, and the deepest part of the rock.

"I stood and looked up at the wall of rock above me, and whilst so doing, a conversation that had taken place during my apprenticeship between my master and an assistant occurred to my mind. They were talking about Konigstein, and the assistant said that, in his opinion, it was possible to get into the fortress without going the usual road through the gateways. I remembered how my master quietly shook his head, for no doubt such a thing was incredible to him, whilst I listened wondering. But now here I was at the foot of the rock, and looking up the very cleft and fissure of which our assistant had spoken. As quick as lightning the thought occurred to me to climb up the rock myself and besiege, I reasoned, is might be the means of getting me out of all my embarrassments, because after I got up I should get admired for my achievement, and then work I no doubt give me employment to eat, and perhaps even money in rewards for my daring. And it also struck me that I might possibly meet my brother up there, as he had gone to a soldier some time ago.

"Without further delay, then, I prepared for the ascent. I looked carefully up at the fissure in the rock; only one went quite up to the top. I noticed it was bridged over by the breastwork, but this seemed no small, that I thought, once there, I could easily spring over the wall. My boots would, of course, impede me in climbing so I took them off and hung them round my neck, letting them fall on my breast. My stick I left leaning against the rock, and then I got into the cleft and began to climb up as if I was in a chimney.

"I do not know, sir, whether you have ever seen a chimney-sweep climb. We make use, principally, of the knees, pressing them against one side of the wall and their backs firmly against the other side, and so we shove ourselves up the chimney. The hands have to help the brush, so we hardly make any use of them in climbing. In this way I got on famously. The cleft was, on an average perhaps, about one yard wide, but some times it got very much narrower, and sometimes it widened to one and a half yards in width. Before and behind me was rock, on the left was the Elbe, and on the right the incident the cleft, which was gradually growing narrower as I got higher. I had to keep as near as possible to the middle of the fissure, for further in it was too wet and slippery.

"As yet I was not in the slightest degree tired, and as I went on at a quick pace, I had got a considerable way up when it occurred to me in the little town below. Here and there shrubs were growing in my way, particularly little gooseberry bushes, but being only superficially fixed on the rock, they gave way at the slightest endeavor to hold on by them. I still continued nearer to the top, however, but now I began moving higher and higher, but now I began to have many often, in order to get fresh breath. About half way up I found a large nook of sandstone jammed in the cleft, most probably having been dislodged from above during the bombarding of the fortress. In its fall it had struck where I found it. I tried if it was firm, stepped on to it, sat down on it, but it did not move, and now that I could comfortably rest myself, I seemed to gain fresh strength.

"There I was now with my back to the rock, and enjoying the magnificent view. Deep down, far, far below me, whilst the Elbe glistened in the sunshine, and the boats on it looked like so many children's toys. Opposite to me rose the Lilienstein, but I am forgetting, sir, that we have almost the same prospect before us now, and what need there is, therefore, to describe it to you? Well, I got below my staff again and was steadily climbing on, when suddenly something came out in the cleft below me, and it seemed as if the whole rock was coming there-

[illegible]

sections, I stopped short. The rock, which had so opportunely afforded me a resting place, suddenly loosed through any weight, had fallen, crashing to the depth below. Only a few minutes sooner, and I should have lain there at the bottom, smashed to pieces. A cold shudder ran through me as I stood down. Don't think, sir, however, that this made me nervous, for chimney-sweepers are used to unforeseen dangers, and fear is only known to me by name.

"Again I applied myself energetically to my work, and in spite of the many cleft being in some places almost covered with moss and ivy, I must use tenacity, I still kept rising; but the time began to appear very long to me, and it seemed as if I had been days sticking in this miserable place. If I should become giddy. If I should fall out of the cleft, I am irrecoverably lost! I look up above me to see if I am near the top, but there is a turn in the rock and I cannot ascertain. A feverish impulse urges me on. Higher! higher! The cleft gets wider and wider and now I must stop, for I cannot stretch across it. I look upwards once more, and, to my great joy, see the breastwork, but when appeared so insignificant from below, I find now to be a formidable arch spanning my cleft and presenting an apparently insurmountable barrier. What am I to do now? A cold perspiration over me as death looks up from the frightful depth below. Once more I nerve myself, I climb as far as possible round to the outward side of the cleft, to see if there can be any possibility of escape. A small distance from me there is a projecting ledge, and if that can only be reached! The ledge bends toward the cleft, and the narrow points of it seem to come within half a yard. It is possible that this is to be my resource!

"Slowly I stretched out my hands, and my fingers grasped the point of the rock like cramp-irons. As soon as I had my hands firmly fixed, I gently drew my body round, and, in another minute, I was hanging against the perpendicular rock and feet high, with dreadful annoyance on the strength of my fingers. But, in this awful moment, I did not lose my presence of mind, and I knew that I was at my last chance. Gripping first with one hand and then with the other, and then with both at once, creeping further on, I gained my object. Then drawing myself up, I put the upper part of my body on the ledge, and I was saved.

"It was a considerable time before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to think of the completion of my journey. On ascending my position. I found that the ledge was about 3 yards wide, and immediately above it rose the breastwork, about four yards high. This wall was built of large sandstone blocks set together with mortar, but the wind and weather had, in the course of years, considerably worn away the mortar from between the stones. I bring my boots round my neck again, but this time in such a way that they rested on my breast, inserting my toes in the crevices left by the mortar, and stocking my toes in below, I raised myself up the wall. The two top stones were quite smooth, and so inclined that they resembled a roof, the highest ridge being inside. I found a crevice large enough for me to stick my fingers in. I tried first to creep through one of the embrasures for the cannon, but finding the balls of smooth stones, I had no desire to get over the higher part of the castellated battlements.

"With my right hand grasped firmly in a crevice, I sewing out my left to try to lay hold of the corner. I was successful, my left hand fastened like a vice on the top corner, and then with the help of my right I raised my body, and—good into the very inside of the fortress. Opposite me, about a hundred paces off, was the

The Daily Commercial

THE ERIE CATASTROPHE.

Additional List Killed and Wounded

Robbery of the Dead and Injured.

VERDICT OF THE CORONER'S JURY.

New York, April 17.—The Times' Port Jervis special despatch says the following persons are reported dead: Charles H. Collins, of South Haven, New York; James Sutton, of Stafford, New York; A. W. Smith, of Batavia, New York. Mrs. Hughes, wife of Hughes, the wounded new boss, lies dangerously ill at Goshen. Mrs. Hughes' maiden name was Smith, of Monticello, Orange county. There are E. S. Hodgman, of Auburn, Wisconsin, and Mary Keating, of Waterville, Ohio. Dead: Thomas Dunn, of Goshen, killed and wounded. Killed—An unknown man, about thirty years old, identified as J. D. Hurd, and the unknown man, identified as F. D. Hurd, both of Canada, H. F. Gardner, of Wyandotte, Ohio, should have been Mr. Hurdle, of Hunnellville, New York. Miss Jane A. Decker, of New York, probably injured, has not been seen. Philip Kessler died at 2 p. m. Wednesday. Mrs. Kessler, of Cincinnati, Ohio, supposed to be going to Illinois, New York.

A Port Jervis despatch states that the coroner's jury has completed their investigation of the railroad disaster. It was rendered in the form of a verdict that the deceased came to their death by the falling from the train of the cars leaving the track at 4 o'clock p. m. on the 15th instant, at Shawangunk Kill, in the town of Wawarsing, Ulster county, N. Y., by the cars turning over the bridge at that point. The jury also find that the bridge was insufficient for the purpose for which it was used, and that the responsibility for the accident rests upon the Erie Railway Company, and that the bridge should have been guarded and the train stop at low speed, owing to the unsafe condition of the bridge.

The Times' Port Jervis despatch says that after the disaster at 4 o'clock, 17 passengers were found dead in the cars. Many of the injured were taken to their homes in this city and vicinity. Two gold watches, that have been found on the persons of the dead, and single sums from the pockets of others, have been taken charge of by the coroner. Many of the passengers had valuables in their possession, but the confusion at the time of the accident was so great that no one could tell who these were. Mr. Hughes, the new boss, who was injured, has been provided with the best that the place could afford, and is doing well. Mrs. Hughes arrived on the ground from Goshen this morning, and is now with her husband.

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A Port Jervis correspondent of the New York Herald says that the scene at the wreck on the night of the accident, and during the passage of the dead and injured to this city, was one that can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. There were, in all, two hundred and seventy-five persons on the train. Of these, one hundred and fifty-six were killed outright, or died soon after the disaster, and one hundred and nineteen were injured, more or less severely. Of the latter, about one-half were brought to this city, and the remainder were taken to their homes in the vicinity. The dead were brought to this city in the baggage cars, and were placed in rough boxes, prepared for the occasion. Their bodies were then taken to the Delaware House, a temporary morgue, where they were identified by their friends, and claimed for burial.

The scene in the Delaware House was more harrowing than can be described. Here, in a long room, were laid out the dead, side by side, and the living were brought in to identify and claim the dead. Many of the latter were from the upper counties of this State, and from New Jersey, and had come on hearing of the accident, to learn the fate of their friends. Others were from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and other cities, and had come on the first train that could be procured. Many of the latter were unable to identify the dead, owing to their being so much disfigured by the accident. Others, who had come from a distance, were unable to remain, and left for their homes without identifying the bodies of their friends. They were removed home, and buried by their friends.

Among those who came to identify the dead was Mr. Fuller, of Fuller & Warren, stove manufacturers, of this city, who arrived here on Thursday morning, and identified the body of his son, Frank Fuller, who was killed in the accident. Mr. Fuller was accompanied by Mr. Hamilton, of Hamilton, Vanhook & McClelland's Great Auction House, Nos. 56 and 57 Fifth street, who came to look after the interests of the firm, Frank Fuller being a member of it. Mr. Fuller, after identifying the body of his son, had it embalmed, and left for this city with the remains on Thursday evening. The funeral took place from the residence of the deceased, on Penn avenue, Allegheny, on Friday afternoon, and was largely attended by the friends of the deceased.

Mr. Fuller, in speaking of the accident, said that the train was running at the rate of about twenty miles an hour when it struck the bridge, which was a temporary one, and was not sufficiently strong to support the weight of the train. The bridge was built of timber, and was only about twenty feet high. The train consisted of twenty-two cars, and was filled with passengers, many of whom were standing in the aisles. The cars were thrown from the bridge, and fell on the ice below, which was about twenty feet in depth. The cars were piled on each other, and the scene that presented itself to the eyes of the spectators was one of the most horrible that could be imagined. The groans of the dying and the cries of the wounded were heard on all sides, and the scene was one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Mr. Fuller, in speaking of the conduct of the people of Port Jervis, said that they were untiring in their efforts to relieve the sufferers, and that the kindness shown by them to the dead and wounded could not be surpassed. Mr. Fuller left for his home in Allegheny on the evening train.

THE TACK-O'CONNOR CASE.

Continuation of Testimony and Cross-Examination of James O'Connor.

The Philadelphia Inquirer of yesterday morning says: The case of the Commonwealth vs. Tack and others was still before the Court yesterday, the day being taken up with the examination of Mr. O'Connor, the prosecutor, and many sharp spats between the many lawyers engaged. Mr. O'Connor, upon resuming the stand, gave the following additional testimony, though his narrative was embarrassed with many interruptions and pauses:

During the holidays of the present year, I went to Harrisburg on business connected with the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad Company, of which I am President. I went there on the 28th of December, and remained there until the 30th. I left Harrisburg for Philadelphia on the 30th, at 4 o'clock, in company with Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Lowry, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Tack. I had a ticket, and paid my own fare. We arrived at Lancaster at 5 o'clock, and remained there about an hour. We then left for Philadelphia, and arrived there about 8 o'clock. I went to the Girard House, and registered my name. Mr. Tack was with me. I had my valise with me. I went to my room, and left my valise there. I then went to the supper room, and had supper. I then went to the bar-room, and met Mr. Tack and Mr. Lloyd. I remained in the bar-room about half an hour. I then went to my room, and went to bed. I was awakened by a knock at the door. I got up and opened the door. Two men came in. They were dressed in citizens' clothes. They were not in uniform. They were introduced to me as officers. They told me they had a warrant for my arrest. They asked me to get up and dress myself. I got up and dressed myself. They then told me that they had a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Tack. They asked me if I knew where he was. I told them I did not know where he was. They then told me that they had a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Lloyd. They asked me if I knew where he was. I told them I did not know where he was. They then told me that they had a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Gilmore. They asked me if I knew where he was. I told them I did not know where he was. They then told me that they had a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Lowry. They asked me if I knew where he was. I told them I did not know where he was